Haue seene the day, with my two hand sword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rattes.

Host. Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag?

Shal. Ha with you mine host.

Exit Host and Shallow.

Pa. Come M. *Ford*, shall we to dinner?
I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.

For. No in good sadnesse not in mine:
Yet for all this Ile try it further,
I will not leaue it so:
Come M. *Page*, shall we to dinner?

Pa. With all my hart sir, *I*le follow you.

Exit omnes.

Enter Syr Iohn, and Pistoll.

Fal. *I*le not lend thee a peny.

Pis. *I* will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a pennie: *I* haue beene content you
shuld lay my countenance to pawne: *I* haue grated
vpon my good friends for 3. repriues, for you and
your Coach-fellow *Nym*, else you might a looked
thorow a grate like a geminy of babones. *I* am dam-
ned in hell for swearing to Gentlemen your good
souldiers and tall fellowes: And when mistrisse *Bri-*
get lost the handle of her Fan, *I* tooked on my ho.
thou hadst it not.

Pis. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fif-
teene pence?

Fal. Reason you rogue, reason.
Doest thou thinke *I*le indanger my soule gratis?
*I*n briefe, hang no more about mee, *I* am no gybit
for you. A short knife and a throng to your manner
of

of pickt hatch, goe. Youle not beare a Letter for me
you rogue you: you stand vpon your honor. Why
thou vnconfinable basenesse thou, tis as much as I
can do to keep the termes of my honor precise. I, I
my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of God on
the left hand, am faine to shuffel, to filch & to lurch.
And yet you stand vpon your honor, you rogue.
You, you.

Pis. I do recant: what woulst thou more of man?

Fal. Well, goto o, away, no more.

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Quic. Good you god den sir.

Fal. Good den faire wife.

Quic. Not so ant like your worship.

Fal. Faire mayd then.

Quic. That I am Ile be sworne, as my mother
The first houre I was borne. (was

Sir I would speake with you in priuate.

Fal. Say on I prethy, heeres none but my owne
houshold.

Quic. Are they so? Now God blesse them, and
make them his seruants.
Syr I come from Mistresse *Foord*.

Fal. So from Mistresse *Foord*. Goe on.

Quic. I sir, she hath sent me to you to let you
Vnderstand she hath receiued your Letter, (dit.
And let me tell you, she is one stands vpon her cre-

Fal. Well, come Misteris *Ford*, Misteris *Ford*.

Quic. I sir, and as they say, she is not the first
Hath bene led in a fooles paradice.

Fal. Nay prethy be briefe my good she *Mercury*.

Quic. Mary sir, sheed haue you meet her between
eight and nine.

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